New-York, May 19, 1840.

Beloved Wife:

To-day, at 12 o'clock, was the time advertised for the sailing of the Columbus. The wind, however, is "dead ahead," so that the packet will not sail until to-morrow; and perhaps not till the day after, should the wind not haul round. This delay renders it more than probable that we shall not arrive in season to be at the opening of the World's Convention. No doubt, our new organization opponents are hoping that we shall have a long voyage; for they now understand, that, if we are present when the Convention commences, the "woman question" will inevitably be brought up, or, rather, the question, whether the delegates appointed by the American Anti-Slavery Society (among whom is Lucretia Mott) shall be entitled to seats in the Convention. Father Bourne, who goes against "woman's right," is now sitting by my side; and he predicts, with all confidence, that no woman will be allowed a seat in the Convention. Such a thing, he says, was never heard or thought of in any part of Europe. It is, perhaps, quite probable, that we shall be foiled in our purpose;—but the subject cannot be agitated without doing good—and you and the dear friends of human right may be assured, that we shall not easily allow ourselves to be intimidated or put down.

Expecting to go this forenoon, bro. Rogers and myself have had a busy time of it in packing up our things, and getting ready to bid our native land farewell—though I hope not a long or last farewell. As usual, I had many things left undone, and felt very badly about leaving in such haste; especially as I supposed no opportunity would be afforded me to send you another letter before my departure. Our trunks were all carried down to the wharf, before we ascertained that the packet would not sail to-day. Just before we fastened them up, the bundle arrived from Boston, containing letters from you, C. C. Chapman, &c. have miscarried, Office, to the Antiety, it ap-

Your letter, dear H., comforted me exceedingly. I am sure that I love you far more than words can express; and therefore it is that I have never been prodigal of words on this subject. I am equally certain that you fully reciprocate my love, and that we are mutually endeared to each other. You speak of your feelings in consequence of our separation. I can not only imagine it all, but realize it all. It is very trying to my spirit, that I cannot catch a glimpse of your countenance, and hold sweet converse with you face to face, and play and prattle with my two darling boys. Now that I am here detained another day, how much do I regret that I did not return to Cambridgeport in the Rhode-Island with the true spirits which came from our good State to the rescue of Freedom's fettered cause! - As it was, I should have returned, had I not supposed that the pain of separation, a second time, would have been greater than before.

I find it difficult to persuade myself, that I am about to depart for the shores of old England, over the broad Atlantic. Every thing seems dream-like. A few days will dispel this visionary feeling, and wake me up to the reality of a sea-voyage. When I am absent from you, it is impossible for me not to feel as if I had not suffered a bereavement. I have not had one good night's sleep since I left Boston; and yet my health is remarkably good. How sweet, how rapturous will be our meeting on my return, if life and health be vouchsafed to us! How rich will be the compensation for any loss that we may have sustained! Ah! even now, in imagination, I embrace you, and imprint upon your cheek the kiss of purity and love. As for dear George and Willie, I know not how to be separated from them. I almost feel as if they had been taken from me, and I were once more childless. Precious gifts of God! precious tokens of nuptial felicity! Tell my darling Willie, that I hope he will always be a dear good boy, and remember that the good God sees him by day and night, and loves all good children. Tell [illegible] can not come now, [illegible] He goes to [illegible] may not

Dear Willie wants all the little slaves to be set free, and he is willing that his father shall go a great way off to break their chains. — Kiss him morning, noon and night, for my sake. Many pretty things will I bring him when I come back. And George shall have some too, if he is a good boy. When he goes to Brooklyn, I hope he will try to learn all that he can at school, so that when I come back, he will be able to read the nice little books I shall bring him. You may kiss him as often as you do Willie, for they are equally dear to my heart.

My poor dear brother James! I am sorry to hear that his health does not seem to improve, and that he has another ulcer internally; but let us hope that the warm weather, with proper care and treatment, will yet restore him. I love him with all a brother's affection — of that, he cannot doubt. Earnest is my prayer to God, that he may be led to review his past life, and to perceive how widely he has departed from the path of rectitude, to the ruin of his immortal soul. O that he may be led to speedy and heart repentance, that he may rejoice in God, and be made an heir of glory, through Jesus Christ our Saviour! But, without repentance, there can be no reconciliation; and unless we are reconciled to God, how can we be happy? I shall think a great deal about dear James during my absence, and shall endeavor to write to him soon. A letter from him would be regarded as a special token of his love by me. Whether he had better go to the Hospital, or to Brooklyn, in view of his present situation, George can decide far better than myself.

Rogers and myself have been very hospitably entertained at Mrs. Truesdell's. He is still quite unwell with his cold, and has rather a hard cough. Poor man! he sighs as badly as I do to think about home, and wife, and children, (he has seven t[illegible] is as much delighted to get a letter f[illegible] addresses for the l[illegible] at midnight, I [illegible] to me with [illegible] rate terms.

42

She is a first-rate woman, and in all respects worthy of such a man. The more I see of Rogers, I love him; and his friendship for me is ardent and sincere. He has never before been separated from his family; and you may naturally imagine how homesick he must feel. Yet he is full of pleasing anticipations as it respects the Convention in London, and longs to be on the wate

Helen Eliza Garrison,
Care of Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
No. 5, Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.

BOSTON
MAY 19

Last evening, I addressed a very respectable audience of colored people in T. S. Wright's meeting-house, in relation to the difficulties which had arisen in our cause, and to the charges brought against myself. I went into the matter, root and branch— Lewis Tappan and La Roy Sa[illegible] neither of whom ventured to deny or

Yeste

Give, &c. &c